

## THE NEW PLAY

New Spring Styles  
of Merry Widows  
Are Very Fetching.

THE town will have to take off its new spring hat to the two merry widows now luring it to Lehar. At the New Amsterdam Theatre little Lina Abbaranelli has tripped into Miss Ethel Jackson's shoes, and at Weber's Music Hall graceful Nina Collins is first aid to the wounded hearts that Miss Lulu Glaser left behind.



Nina Collins as Fonia (Weber's).

for "The Little Abbaranelli" until "The Merry Widow" gave her the time of her life in Chicago.

And now she is here again with the Lehar charmer, giving the gayest performance of the popular widow that this devoted town has seen. She throws herself into the opera body and voice, and sings as though she knew the composer by his first name. If Miss Jackson seemed a trifle "distant," Miss Abbaranelli certainly cannot be accused of any aloofness. Trailing gowns cannot disguise this "child of nature."

and when it comes to widow's weeds Miss Abbaranelli shows that she knows where the pretty ones grow. It is only in her Marstonian costume of black-and-gold that she suffers by comparison. The dress isn't suited to her, but she more than makes up in dancing what she lacks in skirt. In her Mr. Donald Brian has a partner worthy of his wildest waiting, and a widow who would lead any man a merry dance. She gives "The Merry Widow" a new, a delightful sparkle, and a voice that knows what it is singing about.

Now, let's go down to Weber's. Before Miss Glaser went away from here, Miss Collins was winking her sweetness on the chorus air. She understood Miss Glaser and oversteered the weather reports, hoping, perhaps, that an ill wind would blow her some good chance to show what she could do. There is no longer any question about her fitness for the part, for she acts and sings it charmingly. She makes you open both your eyes and your ears, and what is more remarkable in a woman, she has a sense of humor that knows when to stop. When Mr. Dailey and Mr. Rose hold the mirror up to non-sense, she takes one look, and then winking skips away. Speaking of winking, a woman at yesterday's matinee exclaimed: "Isn't she a darling?" and when one woman says that of another, what more is there to say? CHARLES DARTON.

### Keene's Financial Jest.

JAMES R. KEENE told this story illustrative of "high finance" at the Waldorf the other night. A Kentucky dandy negotiated a loan of \$10 from a local banker, pledging his mule and cart as security. "Money is pretty tight," explained the banker, "and I shall have to charge you \$2.50 for the use of the \$10 for a month." The dandy consented, signed the papers, and half an hour later was found by a friend standing in the road scratching his head with one hand and ruefully looking at the \$2.50 in his other. "What's de matter, Sam?" asked his friend. "O, dere ain't nothin' de matter, 'cept I knows Ise right. Dat bank man he done charge me \$2.50 for \$10 a month. Ise right, 'sine, fo', if I had to ast 'em de ten 'or foah months I wouldn't 'a' got nothin'."—Philadelphia Record.

### May Manton's Daily Fashions.

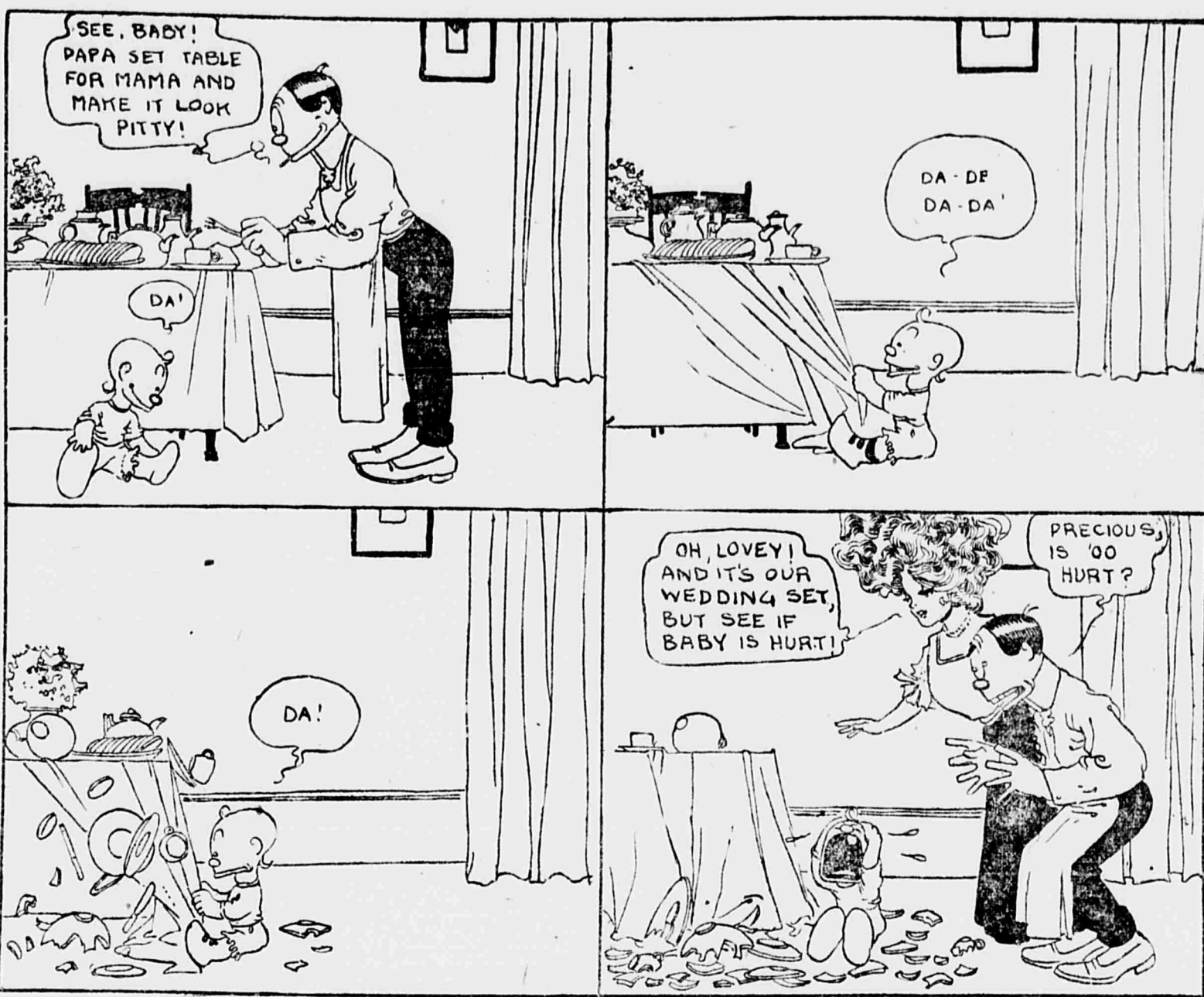


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## The Newlyweds & Their Baby

By George McManus



## 50 Ways for Girls to Earn a Living.

By Rheta Childe Dorr.

This series gives complete information as to positions open to girls, the requirements, duties, pay, etc. Also how to get the positions.

### No. 14.—Bookbinding.

THERE are in New York something more than 1,000 women bookbinders, but in addition to these, thousands of other women work in binderies, for the term bookbinding applies not only to cloth covered books, but to magazines, catalogues, pamphlets, blank books, ledgers, in fact to almost anything made of sheets of paper stitched together. The bookbinding trade proper is strongly organized and the only way a girl can really learn the trade is to ally herself with the organization. The reason is simple. Machines now do nearly all the work of binding, whether of book or magazine. In a non-union shop no one is interested in teaching a girl more than one or two tasks, and she has to content herself with knowing only part of the trade. In a union shop the rules oblige her to learn all the tasks, and she must fail to women. Since some tasks pay

better than others the advantage of knowing many is plain. When the chance to go from a job which pays, say, \$1 to one that pays \$1.50 a week, the skilled worker is ready for the transfer. The girl who serves a three years' apprenticeship is a bookbinder. The girl who merely gets a job in a bindery is a folder, or a gatherer, or a pasteur, or some other kind of a hand.

## Betty Vincent's Advice on Courtship and Marriage

### Should She Write?

Dear Betty: A YOUNG man who formerly lived in my neighborhood has moved out of town. As I love him very much, is it proper for me to write him first, as he did not write since he left, about three months ago? I do not think the young man can care very deeply for you or he would write first. However, if you love him deeply and want to continue the friendship, I think there would be no great harm in writing the young man a letter.

### Marriage on \$15 Per.

Dear Betty: AN A young couple of twenty-four who are quiet and have moderate tastes live comfortably on \$15 per week? We do not care much for social

gatherings or theatres, spending our leisure time in reading and taking long walks and canoeing. We would want to start in light housekeeping. We would have \$500 or \$600 in bank after buying our furniture, and my salary would increase from time to time. I think you might try matrimony on nominal couple. You may encounter many hardships at first, but I think your marriage will turn out happily.

### You Were Right.

Dear Betty: I HAVE been keeping company with a young man for about two months, and one night he asked me for a kiss. Was I right in refusing him? E. S. S.

You were right in refusing to kiss the young man. He has no right to expect you to do so unless he is engaged to you.

## GREATEST GHOST STORY EVER WRITTEN

## The House and the Brain

By Bulwer Lytton

(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The writer, an Englishman, hears of a haunted house in London and spends a night there. He is terrified by the apparitions of the dead, and is rescued by a man who is the owner of the house. The man is a man of great power and influence, and is the owner of the house. The man is a man of great power and influence, and is the owner of the house.

### CHAPTER VI. Investigation.

ABOUT ten days afterward I received a letter from Mr. J., telling me that he had visited the house since I had seen him; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them; that he had read them with misgivings like my own; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written.

### A Child's Fate

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister guardian of his only child—and in the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterward—it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death said that it was emaciated as if from the want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises.

It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape—went out into the back yard—tried to scale the wall—fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. He that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedding year was out, the American had returned England abruptly and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterward.

### Retribution!

The widow was left in affluence, but reverses of various kinds had befallen her; a bank broke—an investment failed—she went into a small business and became insolvent—then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work—never long retaining a place, though nothing decided against her character was ever alleged. She was

considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways; still, and unobtrusive with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J.—had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her married life.

Mr. J.—added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen anything, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house—we went into the blind, dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the latter, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place. It still retained some mouldering furniture—three chairs, an oak settle, a table—all of the fashion of about eighty years ago.

### Forgotten Gold

There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank—costly steel buckles and buttons like those yet worn in court dresses—a handsome court sword—in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp was found five guineas, a few silver coins and an ivory tuck, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of the nature of which I shall only say that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

### The Sinister Face.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight. Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date of 1755. Examining still more minutely I detected a spring; this on being pressed opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Inside the lid was engraved, "Mariana, to thee be faithful in life and in death to—"

### Opening the Hidden Drawer.

Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his wife and his son.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we found great difficulty in opening the second; it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small, thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal, containing a liquid of a clear light—on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round; but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. Impatient to examine the tablet I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt—the saucer was broken—the compass rolled to the other end of the room—and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

### The Secret.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return. Meanwhile I had opened the tablet; it was bound in plain red leather, with a silver clasp; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus: "On all that it can reach within these walls—sentient or insentiate—living or dead—move the needle, so work my will! Accursed be the house, and restless be the dwellers therein." We found no more. Mr. J.—burnt the tablet and its anathema. He rased to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter better conditioned house could not be found in all London. Subsequently he was it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

## Clarence the Cop

By C. W. Kahles

